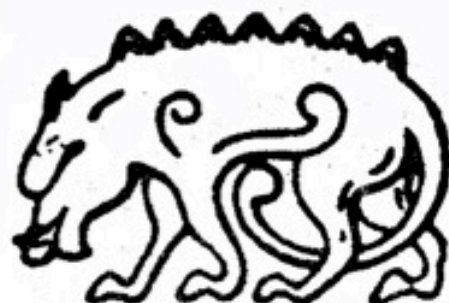


CONTRABAND

Most of these poems were written after the fact, & w/good reason. There may be some resemblance to persons living or dead, but that's tough this isn't fiction. I will hazard that much of the indirect experience was related among inmates; However, a reputable female guard (she was kinda cute, too, if wide) attempted pursuit of a ghost from **The Training Of An Officer** inside the camp while I was there. Some of the info came from officers, to wit: Federal intervention in the management of the FLA. State Prison system, a juicy bit that may have lost a good man his job, as it nearly cost me a life. Anybody want to talk about fear, about having to turn over to survive?

Mark Palmer
DC # 710629, *Sir*

25th Anniversary Edition



Boar Hog Press

Nederland, Colorado

loveshovelranch.com

Text set in **Chainlink Bold**

4th Printing 2018

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PROLOGUE:

On The Shoeing Of A Fugitive

Lack thereof
that an important consideration
before leaving
 a whisper
 indecision
 the planet

& you will remember the comfort
of slavery
at every corner managed
a leash tied twice
 to yourself; the easier
 to manage
 your life by.

Reception: Lake Butler

1.

**Naked
in a line, bent over cheeks
spread "Forget"
bellows "freedom" fat badge
"I am yr mother yr father**

**Yr brothers & sisters children;
Ah'm fuckin' yr girlfriend-
any objections?
I can fuck you too..."**

2.

Scratch that hair good, hippie
then first
in a line
shave & cut that 2' tangle.

Real men
have very short hair
clean shaven
obey arbitrary orders
identical uniforms numbers
before names eat
my shit when I say so

& maybe you won't get kicked to sleep tonight
locked down w/Nigger Charlie, K-Wing Slim,
& Robocop; badge & truncheon in hand.
Maybe.

3.

Never, ever, let them catch you
looking at the women.

If you want to stay alive
learn

how long you can stand
in 100'+ Florida sun (3 days?

4?) w/out moving speaking drinking smoking

or

like the jitterbug in the second line
scream "Fuck You! I need water!"

spend 12 hrs sweeping the sun off the sidewalk
& then off to K-Wing...

I heard they just broke his jaw
but the hearse comes every other day.

4.

Thousands 10:1 B:W ratio & attitudes
thought I'd be afraid of inmates

2 in 10 w/AIDS

me skinny middle class dropout
but like the street

the ones w/a badge
are most dangerous.

Not Even The Privacy Of Words

**For the truth
You can die beneath the jackboot
Of ignorance.**

**A letter,
The typical 'Yes, I'm still alive..' letter
Suffering through the heat in a concrete box
Sweat pouring from head to arm
& down the mop handle to puddle in the wax
A floor I've waxed 8 times today, already**

**& while the coats are drying I write
Telling about 15' fences triple razor-wire
Then another, & another; watch towers
2-way radio, automatic weapons, mirror shades
Man-eating dogs;**

& what do you do if a chopper lands
lay flat in the dirt & pray;
you will be shot if you stand.

At Lake Butler it's easy to disappear
Just try to tell someone how the guards kill
In packs, like animals

w/stick & boot
steel & scalding water
a broken back
Well, he jumped
off a tier, yeah
maybe he
slipped.

Told how the Feds threatened
To take over Florida's second largest industry
If the guards didn't stop
Killing the inmates,

& so made one of the last slave-states
fear exposure, an end to tradition.

For this the Security brutes made me a target
Summoned me to a back room, told me
"I could beat the living shit out of you right now,
You wouldn't be able to move or eat for weeks,
& he'd say you started it, assaulted me..."
The while punching me in the chest, testing.
He drank the hatred in my eyes.

Some scrap of humanity left,
or deviousness-

He stopped;
Threatened me w/K-Wing
Told every Sergeant to fuck w/me instead.

I ripped the letter into small pieces
After my third session in the Control room.
The crackers stopping by every 5 minutes to grill me
Sneering at a steak on their barbecue.

I walked w/dogs that day.
Because sapience is a crime
I pretended the fool.

STATE OF FLORIDA

vs.
MARK RANDALL PALMER,
Defendant /

ORDER ON INMATE SENTENCE

THIS CAUSE, was before the Court on a motion of the Assistant State Attorney pertaining to the Defendant's compliance with the Rules of his incarceration at the St. Johns County Jail. A full hearing was held on October 9, 1987. The Court designated the Public Defender to represent the Defendant. However, the Public Defender announced that he knew of no requirement for that office to handle this quasi-judicial matter. However, as an officer of the Court, he stood in to assist the Defendant and asked questions and generally rendered legal assistance.

At issue was the fact that the Defendant refuses to maintain grooming standards at the Jail and have his hair cut to a standard length. Defendant argues that the females are not subject to this standard, and to require him to do so would be "sex discrimination" and violation of Constitutional Rights. The Court offered some alternatives, which were not accepted by the Defendant, as they involved some "cutting" of his extensive hair, which drapes well below shoulder level.

It is true that the Rule of Administration requiring hair cuts was modified about or near the time that the Defendant declined a "hair cut". However, the rule change involved making it part of "sentenced" prisoners as opposed to just prisoners on work release status.

The State, through its Corrections Officers, cogently that to permit the unfettered hair length would promote behavior that could be used to introduce contraband into the jail. It could be used to materially alter a working trustee, so that if got his hair cut, he would not be readily recognized by a medical officer testified that for health and sanitation is reasonable.

Copies to:
Assistant State Attorney
Brent Woolbright, PD
County Jail, St. Johns County
Neil Perry, Sheriff
Mark Randall Palmer
[Signature]
Court Secretary



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The Court was impressed by the Department of Corrections which provide that "each inmate is required to have a neatly combed haircut at all times. It must not cover collar nor ears". The Defendant appeared to the Court to be sincere, intelligent and a reasonable person not anxious to incur the "rath" of his jail mates. He was cooperative and reasonable during the hearing. So, the question boils down to a matter of the right of the Sheriff of St. Johns County, Florida to enforce reasonable and necessary regulations concerning the occupancy and treatment of its prisoners. Is the Defendant's hair constitutionally protected? Good order and discipline always are argued when an affected individual objects that his rights are being violated. Although the Defendant's hair is reasonably neat, it is unreasonably long for a jail inmate. In balance, the State has sustained its position. Its request is reasonable, necessary and effective to maintain good order and discipline. Does the prisoner's rights transcend this requirement?

The Court concludes, "NO".

Accordingly, it is, ADJUDGED, that the State has sustained the Motion and that the Court has jurisdiction over its sentenced prisoner. (He is on probation after his jail sentence). The County Jail of St. Johns County shall have right to cause the Defendant to conform to its haircut regulation, by acting reasonably and trimming the Defendant's hair to a neat level around his collar and neck, without causing him physical harm nor undue embarrassment in front or presence of the remainder of the inmates.

ORDERED at St. Augustine, St. Johns County, Florida this 12th day of October, 1987.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT, SEVENTH
JUDICIAL CIRCUIT, IN AND FOR
ST. JOHNS COUNTY, FLORIDA
CASE NO. 87-825 CF
Division P

Charles J. Fisher
CIRCUIT JUDGE

Revenue in Chains

A fist
A hand & an arm
a full black arm
built
from the sweat of the axe.

The convicted forms settle bet sight in
On the cruel potential of those fingers reaching..
Sweep up the dice at day's end
Gently, & so graceful toss-
boxcars, again.

There are better ways to take your money
Than to break, shank, threaten;
a little craps
what fool won't win
once or twice...

When Easy Money throws the dice
The jitterbugs laugh:
It's 60 days solitary for gambling
but he's already got your cash
& he'll have 2 dinner trays
for a week

Before you're finished.

New Boyz

The new boyz arrive make up their rack & go to sleep
Wake up in the morning w/knees underneath 'em, sphincter ripped
Bleeding: grease & come tangling their scrotum. In the night
Guards asleep, the lifers take the virgin.

Knocked him out. swift temple punch while he dreamt
His free-in-the-world dreams.

Thereafter:

The nightmares are real. need not sleep to know
The fears of rape. The lifers watch the new boyz
Crying in the morning. not even knowing who

Or how many. took his ass
That first night.

The Butter Duck Truck

10 miles from the Alabama border
The free men encourage you to escape.

No, we aren't chained together anymore
& the guards don't carry guns
Because the residents do.

Escape?

To the red clay swamps water moccasins
Miles of nothing to be hunted on, hunted
By shotgun totin' overweight rednecks
(why don't you just define the word
Redneck for me, boy

**Who laugh
When their chew-spit hits
The dogs that will track you down.**

Would I have to leave behind my axe
Hand worn faithful friend never splinters I
Swing 7 hours clearing overgrowth new roads
Spend an hour sharpening every day, every day
In the hot sun get a break from the cracker's
Howl:

Don't give me that Bool-Shit
Yr a young man
Pick up that axe!

We get the butter from the duck
The working duck, slave duck
Ev'ry Day, Gentlemen
On the Butter Duck Truck.
The laws may've changed in this later century
But the cadence stays the same:

Ev'ry Day, Ev'ry Day
Every Day!

As the humid sunstroke claims you.

The Fresh Air Factory

Managed Forests mean Wildlife!

It's unnatural
These thousand acre conifers
All lodge pole pines planted 25'
Apart in rows a mile long. The
Bush-hog runs through cutting the scrub
To plant afresh, & the mammals flee-
No flying squirrels deer armadillo feral dogs
Just the empty burrows, where banana spiders &
Their crab-shell-like cousins string nets for
The flies & giant mosquitoes.

Managed Forests mean Recreation!

There are no people either.
Except Forestry personnel & contracted grunt
From the FLA. Dept. of Corrections.

The tourists are off at the terra formed reserves
Where everything looks wild, & the Rangers
Only bring in the blue sweating uniformed convicts
Off peak. Wouldn't want to scare away that
Possibility of commerce.

Managed Forests mean Clean Air!

"Krrrrr Blackwater, Blackwater, this is Munson
Fire Tower going off air." It's too foggy to see
The tree Shakers rumble into the forest harvest.

Mechanical scorpions 4 wheel drive fresh painted
Hydraulic clawed monsters earth ravage tires
Sent to rape the pine of the season's fruit before nature
Lets it drop, one or two at a time.

W/the wind & rain.

Managed Forests mean Future Resources!

Managed Forests mean pine cone season at Berrydale
Forestry Camp. Mean inmates up before dawn to crawl
Along those straight miles of cultivated
Pine, gathering 20, 30 bushels/day clearing the tracks
Of the Shakers. A carpet of cones
5 gallons w/in 10' for weeks sore back
& only the fresh ones, fresh raped from the trees
The old ones no use to the factory, & run down
If they grow wild. & as an inmate you can't help
But feel that one of these cones has the same #
As you, & means just as little to the 'government'.
That's raping you, & you find that cone
Kiss it, throw hard as you can into the brush
A hand grenade of Freedom
Smile; one of you got away.

Managed Forests mean Free Inmate Labor!

& the Quality of life that comes w/it.

The Training Of An Officer

In the South, until the early 60's, prisons
Like everything else, were segregated.
At Berrydale Forestry Camp, located in
Jay (a small town northwest of Pensacola, FL)
The Administration put 5 white prisoners into
A dormitory housing 18 black inmates.

In 3 hours two of the white men had been murdered.
In 6 hours a full scale riot had erupted inside the dorm;
The guards left when the fire started.

The Officer on Duty
Ordered the remaining white inmates out of the dorm
Then locked it & let it burn.

The bodies are buried behind the dorm, A-Dorm,
At Berrydale Forestry Camp. The officer who locked
The door was promoted to Lieutenant in the late 80's.

He put me in solitary confinement for 2 weeks in 1991.
Suffering from sunstroke & severe exhaustion,
I had momentarily refused to work.

To Stop The Noise

When I was still incarcerated
In a county jail
Played spades after chow
 & tunk for push-ups
 blackjack for cell rolled rip

Better than trash pulp fiction
Sometimes.

Night & day too loud to think
Watch television that can't be heard
Over jitterbugs arguing
 who's cheating
 we're all cheating

Nothing on but idiot sitcoms &
sex/violence anyway.

Maybe an educational program
Other than the farcical G.E.D. "See a Skirt" class
Or how to reheat institutional food
As a kitchen slave

 might have kept that nut
 from going over the rail in G-Block
 Sheet double-knotted 'round his neck.

DDA ex-schizoid, wouldn't take their 'medications'
But at least we all shut up,
 for a while.
 when they cut him down.



REMEMBER:
**WE'RE
STILL
HERE**


**SUPPORT
ANARCHIST
& CLASS WAR
PRISONERS**

ANARCHIST BLACK CROSS



do not Applaud !